

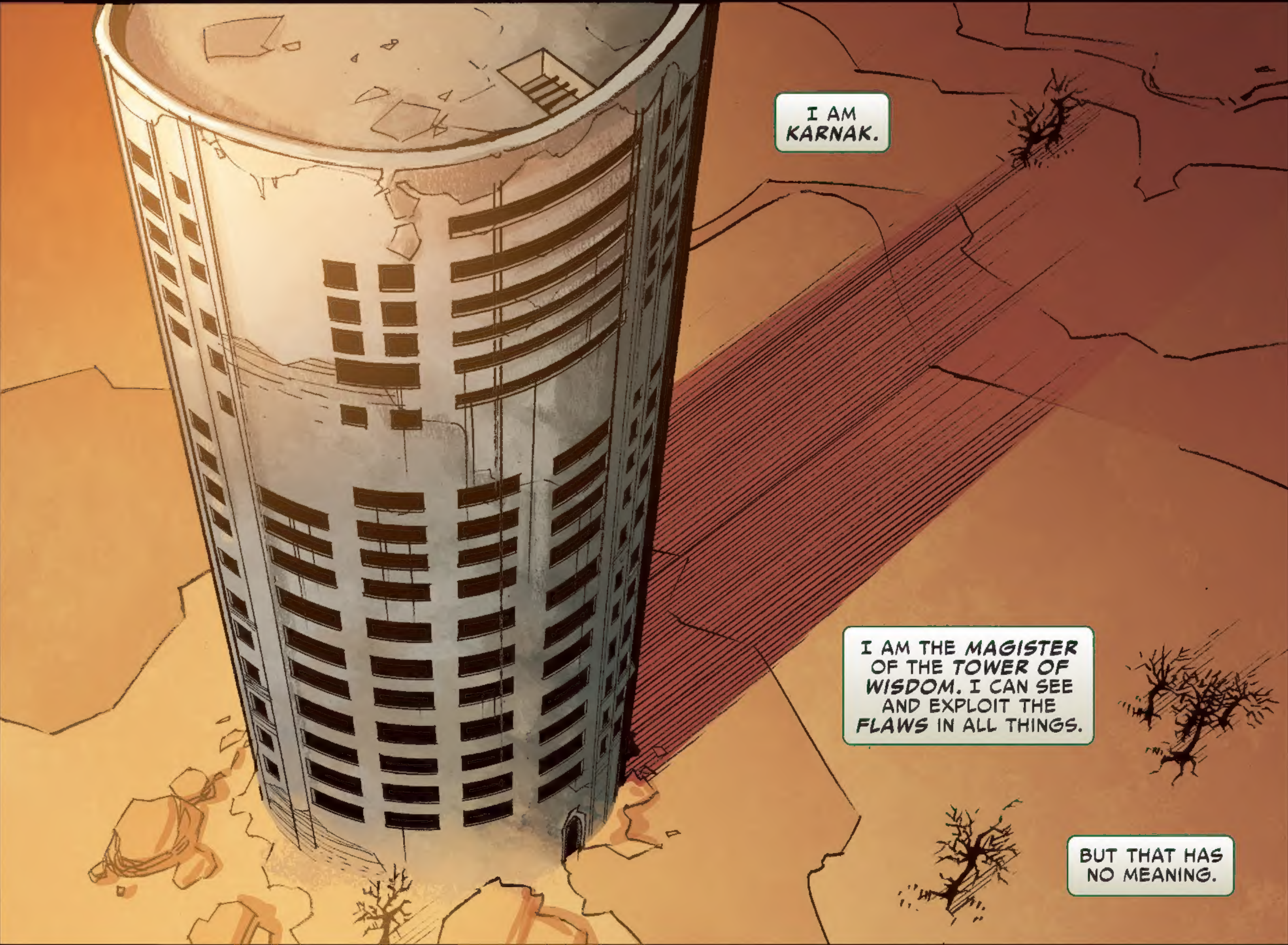
CIVIL WAR II: ULYSSES



MARVEL

INFINITE
comics

003



I AM
KARNAK.

I AM THE MAGISTER
OF THE TOWER OF
WISDOM. I CAN SEE
AND EXPLOIT THE
FLAWS IN ALL THINGS.

BUT THAT HAS
NO MEANING.



THE
BOY IS CALLED
ULYSSES.

HE HAS *VISIONS* IN
WHICH HE EXPERIENCES
THE *FUTURE*.

TH-THEY'RE--
THEY'RE ALL--

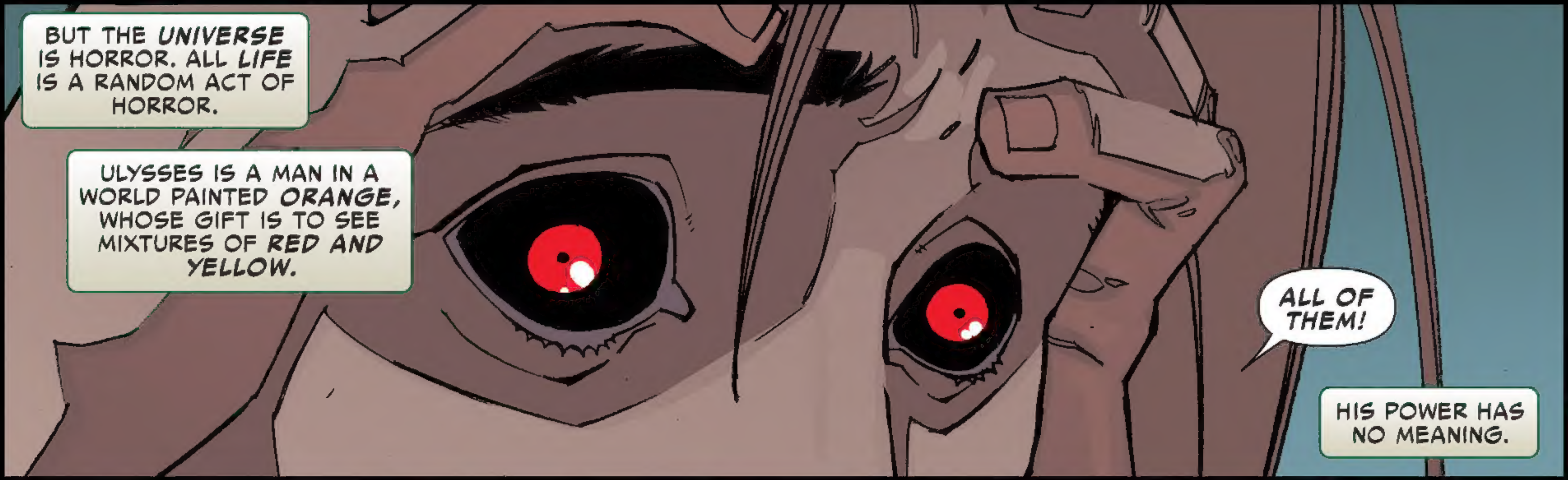
THAT *ALSO* HAS
NO MEANING.



ULYSSES' VISIONS
CONTAIN ONLY
HORROR.

THEY'RE
ALL DEAD!

CALAMITY AND DEATH ON
A SCALE HE COULD NOT
PREVIOUSLY IMAGINE.

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a character's face, focusing on their eyes. The character has dark, textured skin and long, dark hair. Their eyes are a striking, glowing red color with black pupils. The character's right hand is raised to their forehead, with fingers spread. The background is a solid, muted blue-grey color.

BUT THE **UNIVERSE**
IS HORROR. ALL **LIFE**
IS A RANDOM ACT OF
HORROR.

ULYSSES IS A MAN IN A
WORLD PAINTED **ORANGE**,
WHOSE GIFT IS TO SEE
MIXTURES OF **RED AND**
YELLOW.

ALL OF
THEM!

HIS POWER HAS
NO MEANING.



CIVIL WAR II: ULYSSES

TOWER OF WISDOM, PART III



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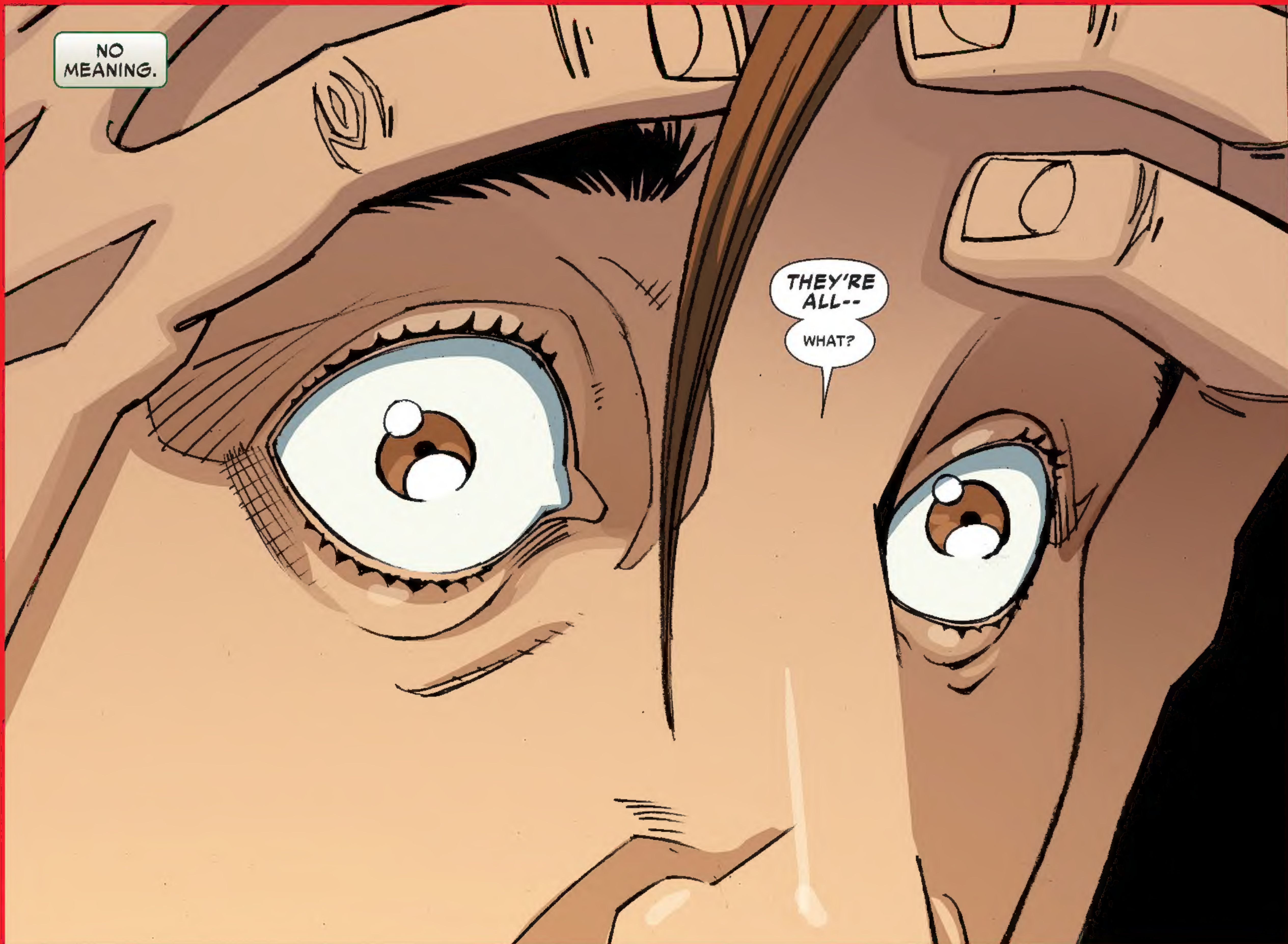
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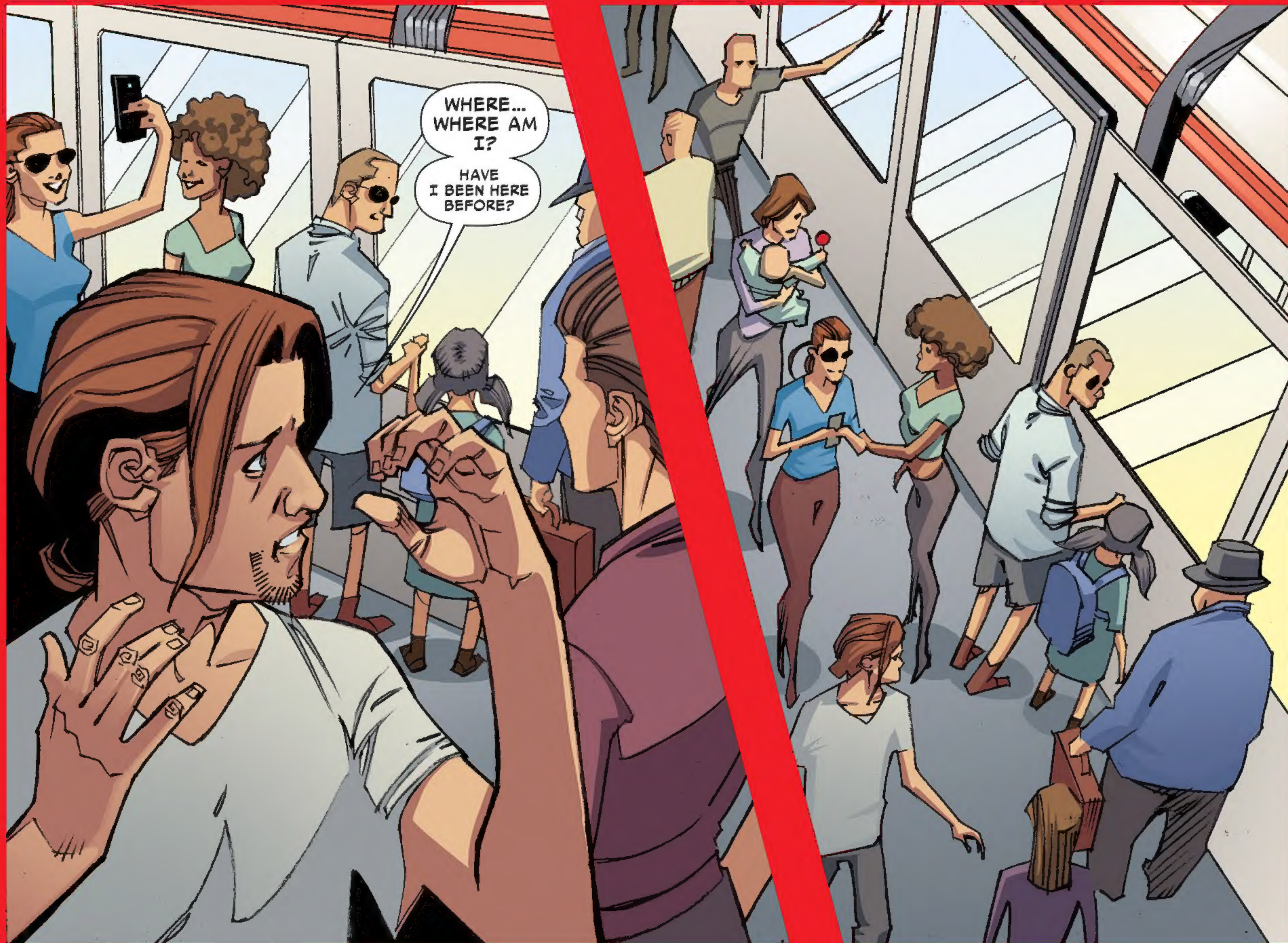
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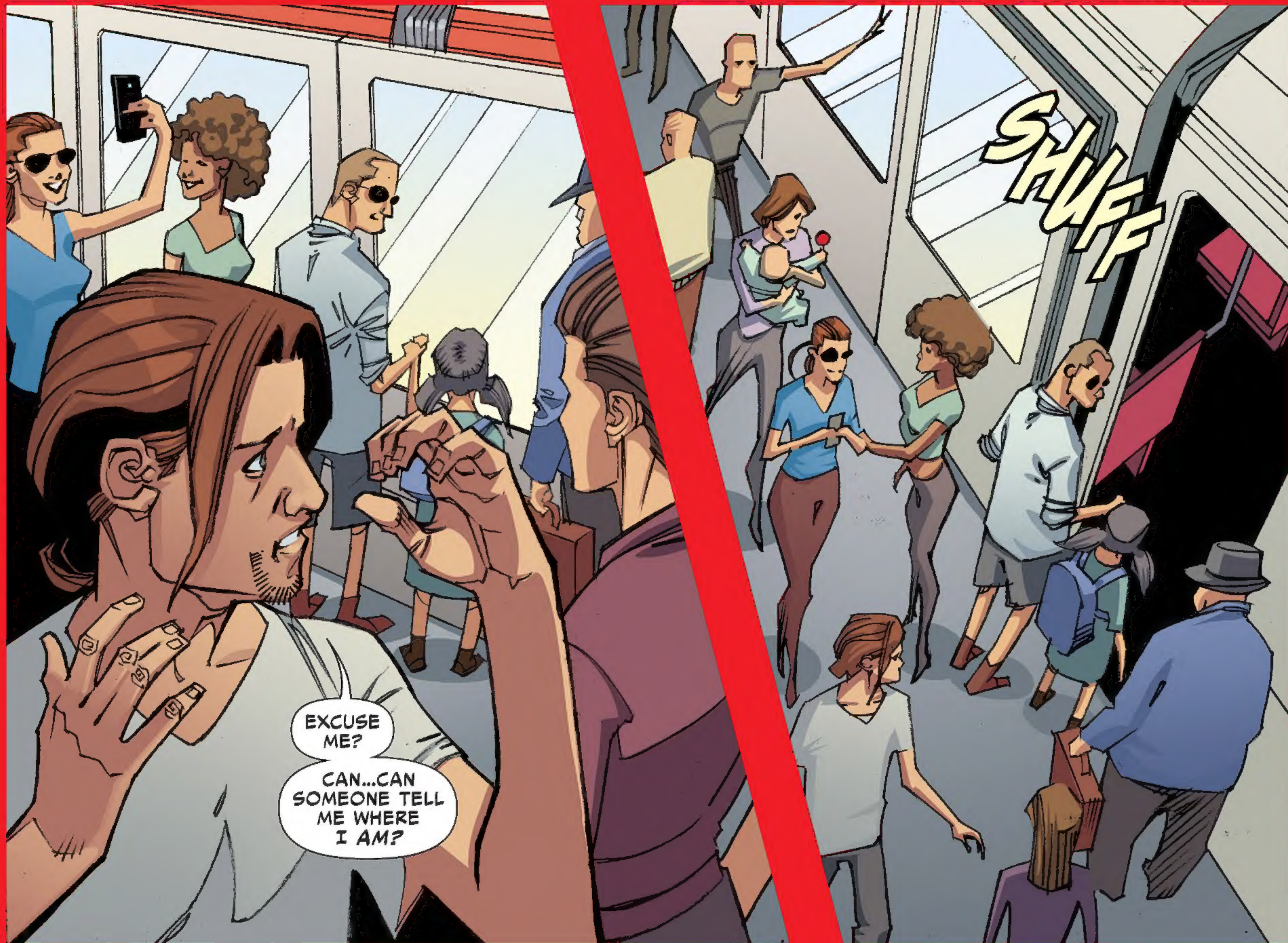
NO
MEANING.

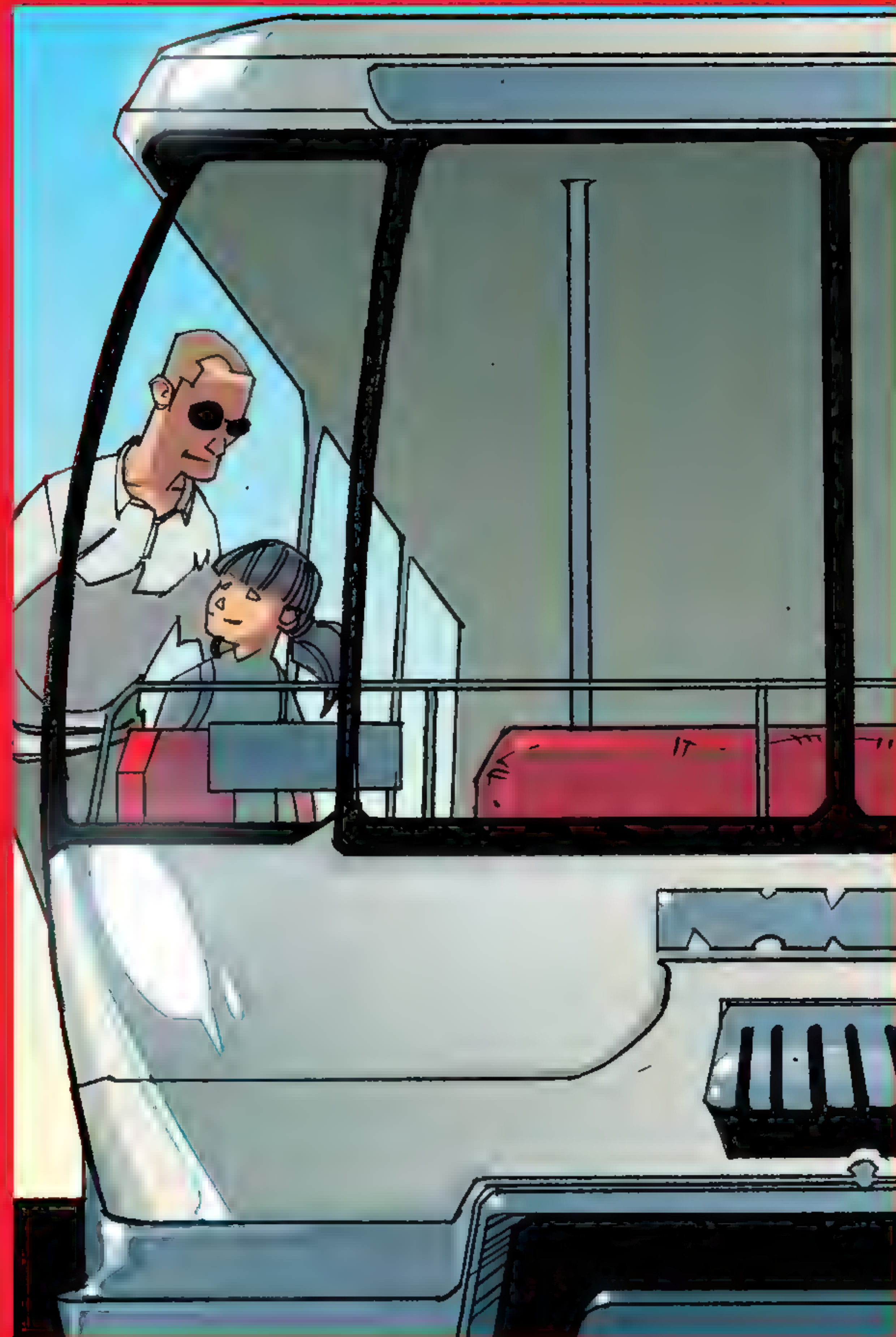
THEY'RE
ALL--

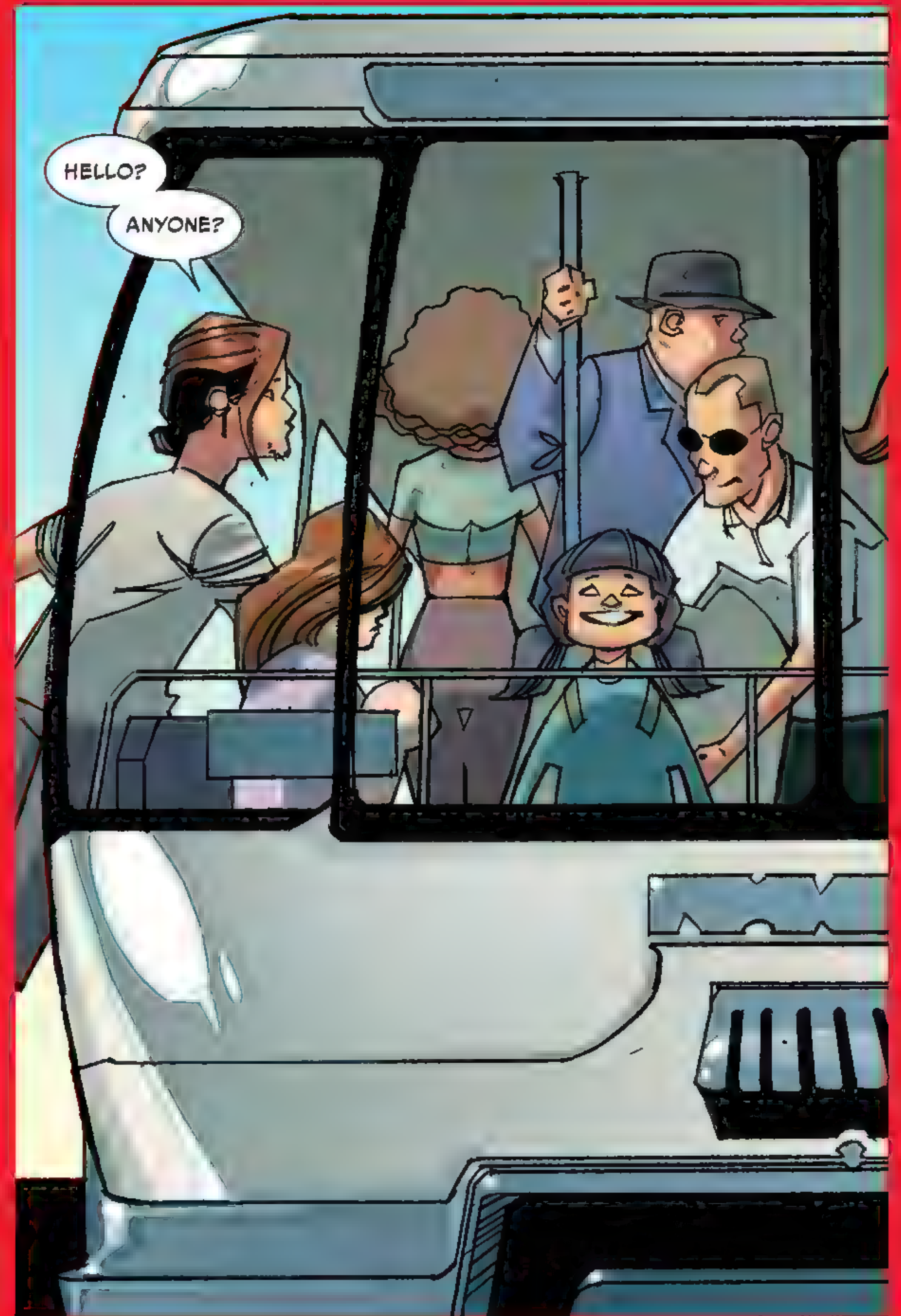
WHAT?













THIS IS A
NIGHTMARE.

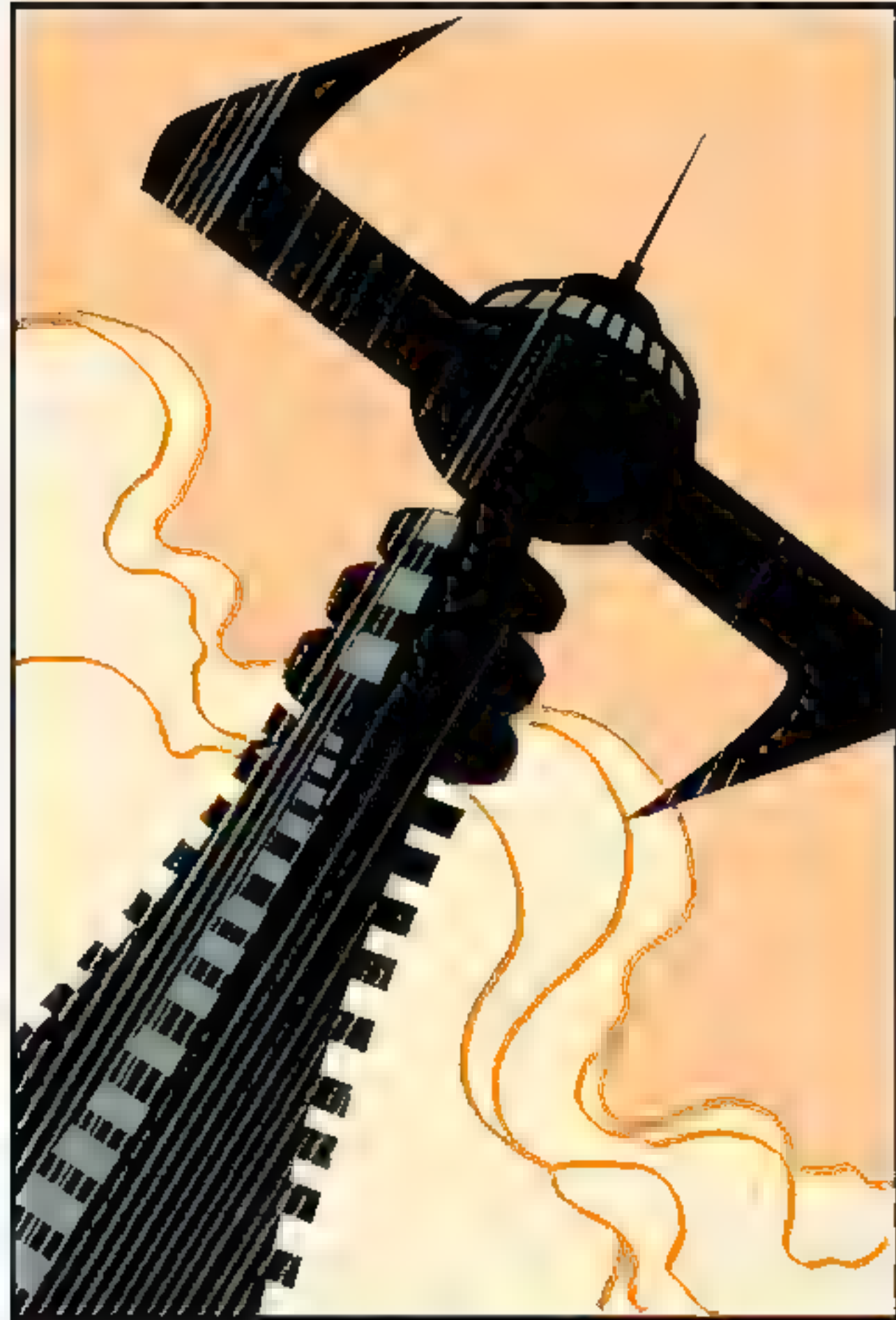
THIS IS
LITERALLY A
NIGHTMARE I
HAD ONCE.

WHY
CAN'T I WAKE
UP?



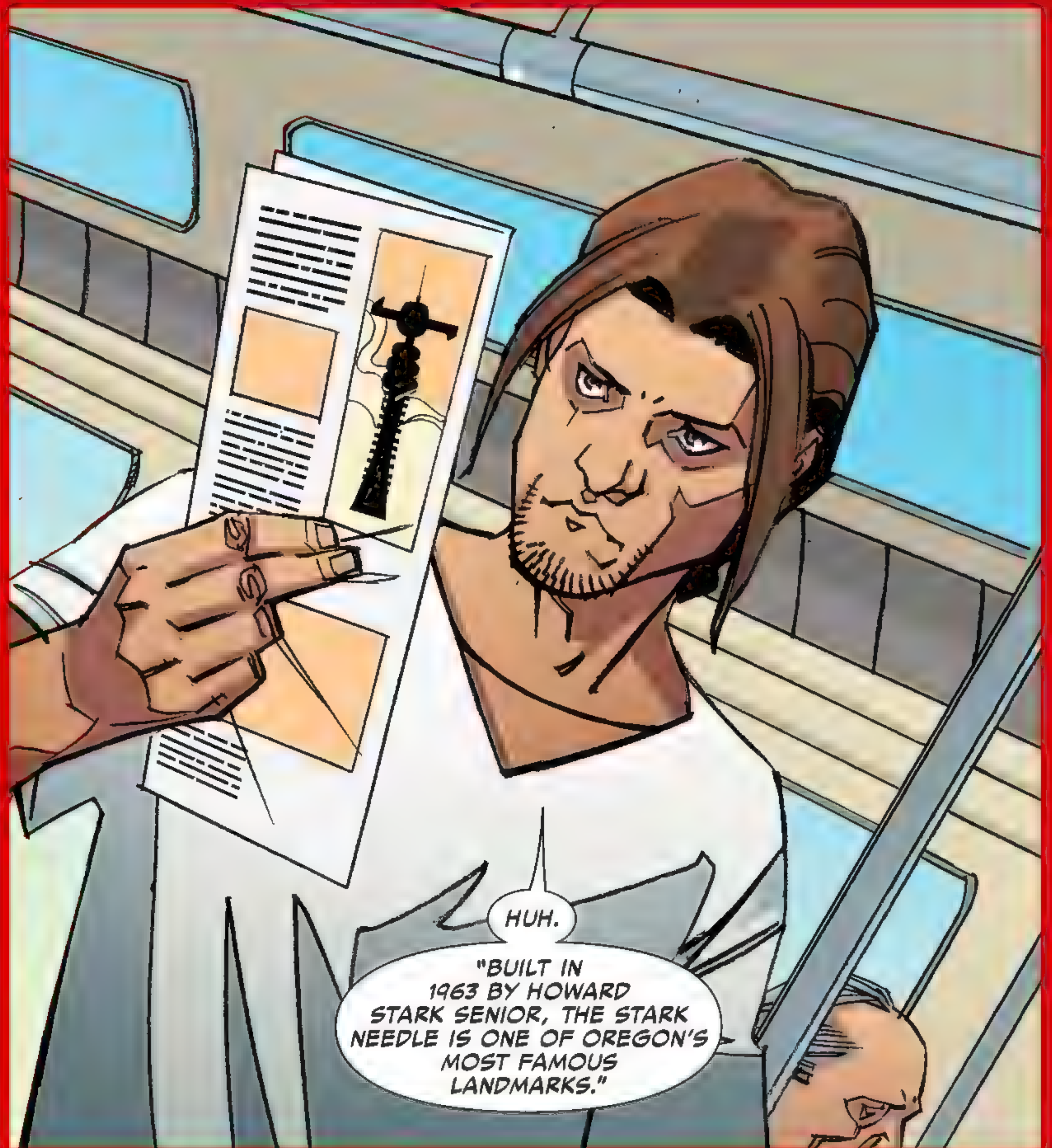


COME SEE THE FUTURE!



STARK NEEDLE

THE ENGINEERING MARVEL OF ITS AGE





I'M IN
OREGON?



UH!

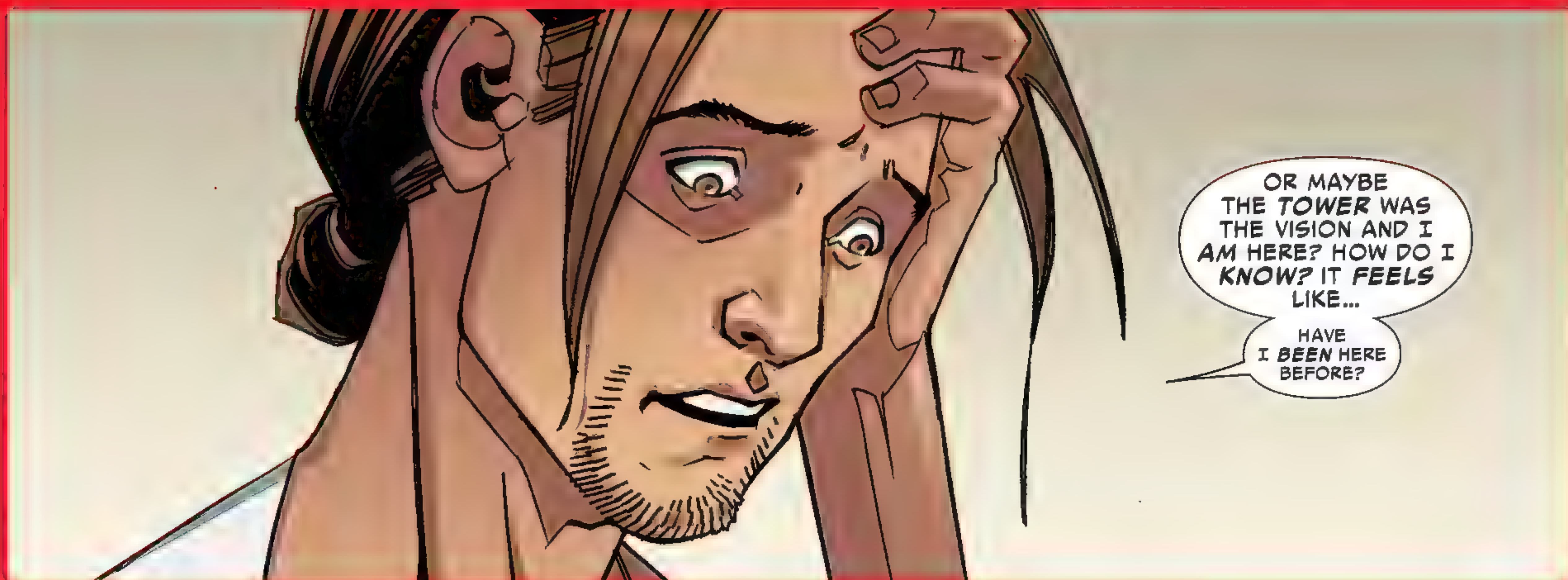


WE'RE
MOVING.

OKAY.

COME SEE THE FUTURE
STARK
NEEDLE
THE FUTURE OF MEDICAL CARE



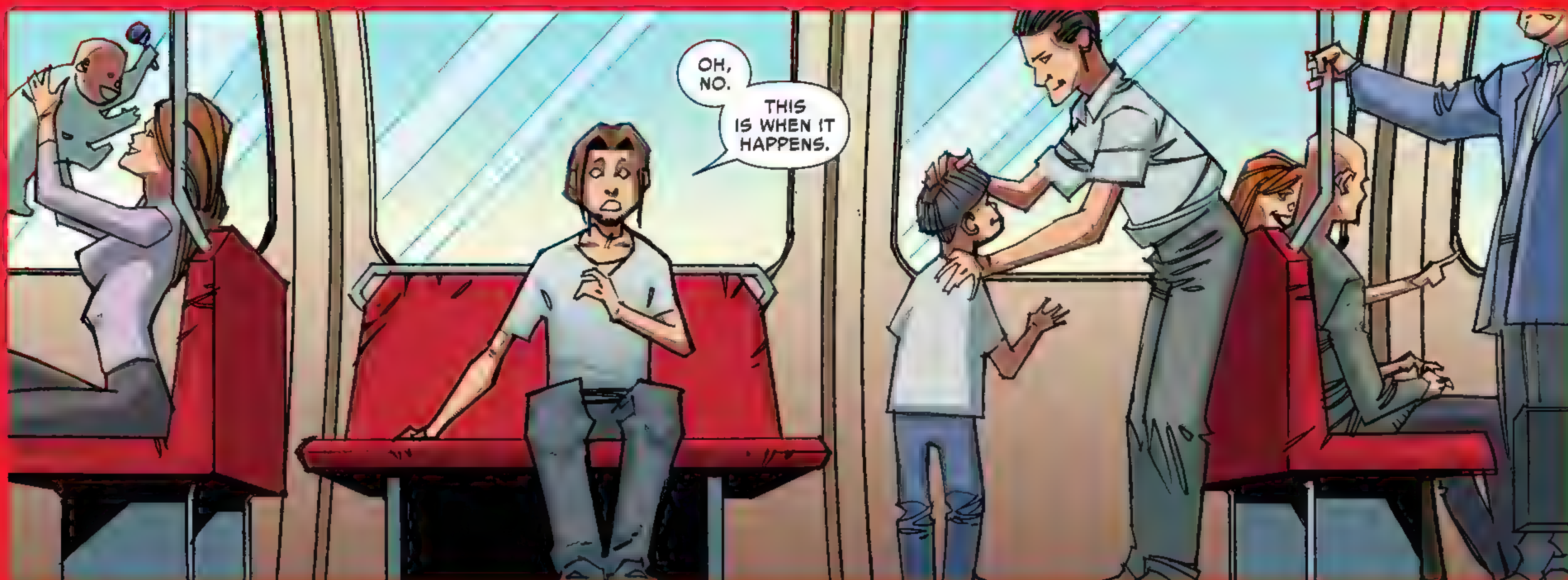


OR MAYBE
THE TOWER WAS
THE VISION AND I
AM HERE? HOW DO I
KNOW? IT FEELS
LIKE...

HAVE
I BEEN HERE
BEFORE?













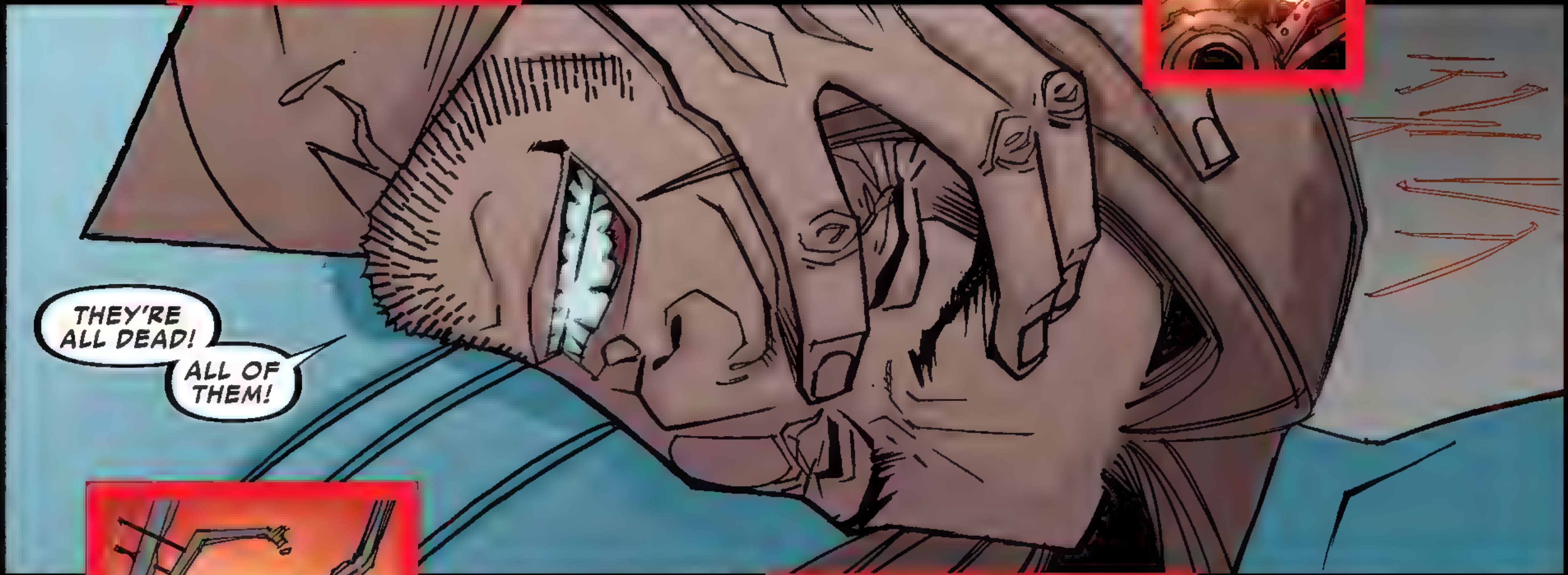


ULYSSES?
CAN YOU *HEAR*
ME?

TELL ME
WHAT YOU
SEE.

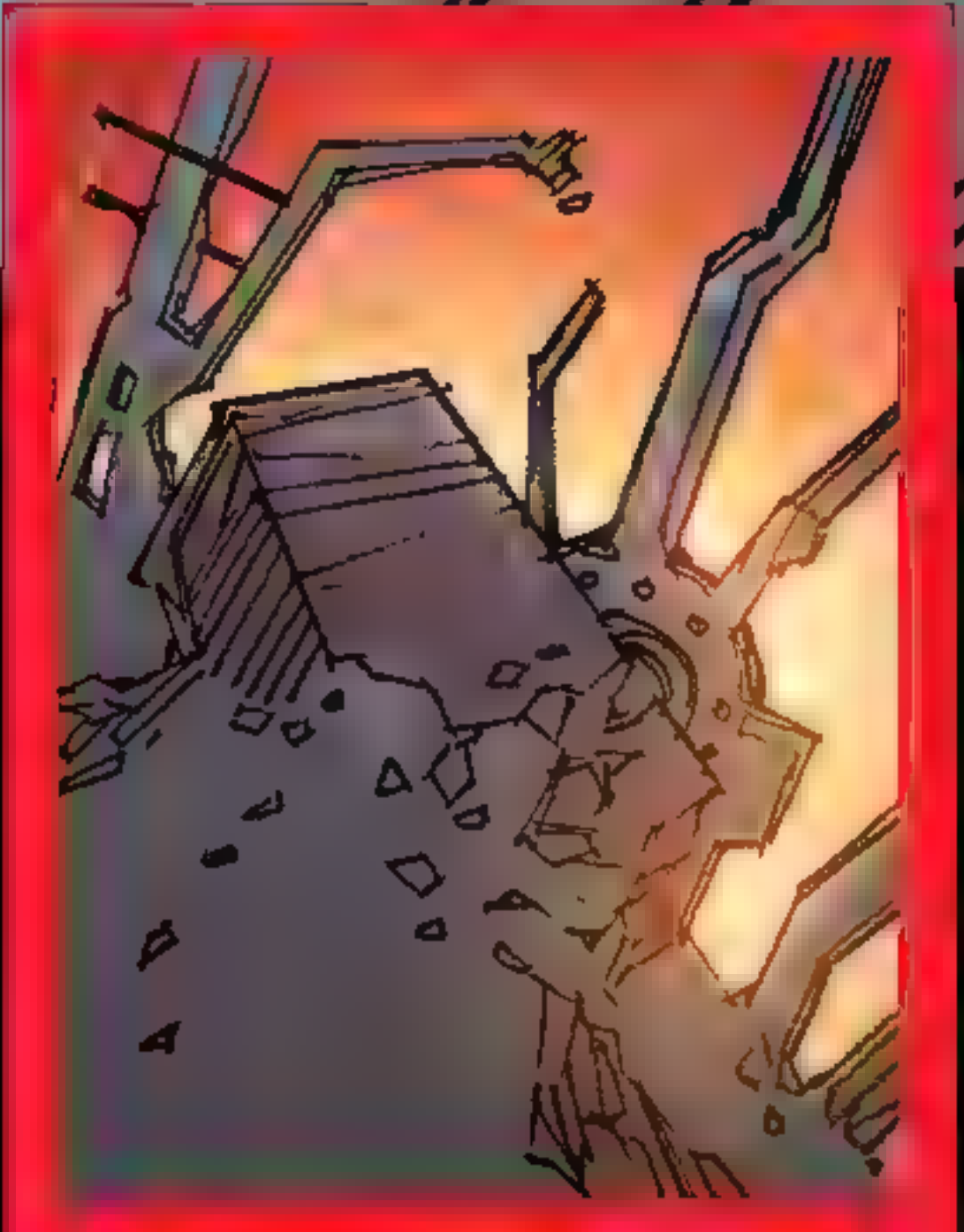
EEAAAHHH!





THEY'RE
ALL DEAD!

ALL OF
THEM!



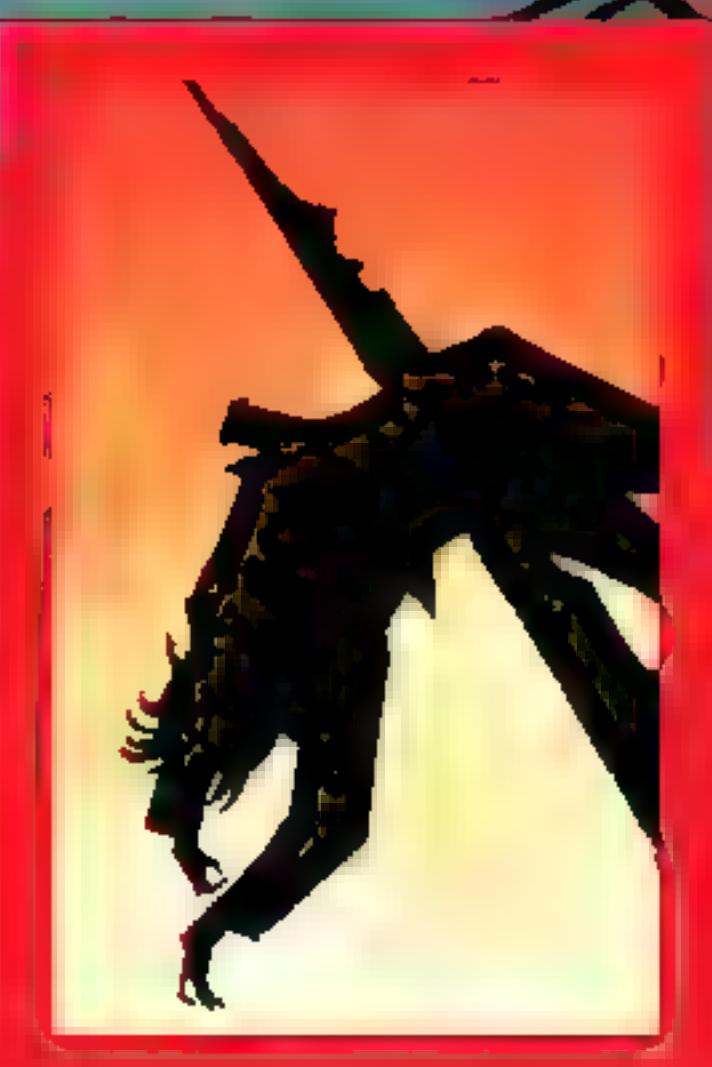
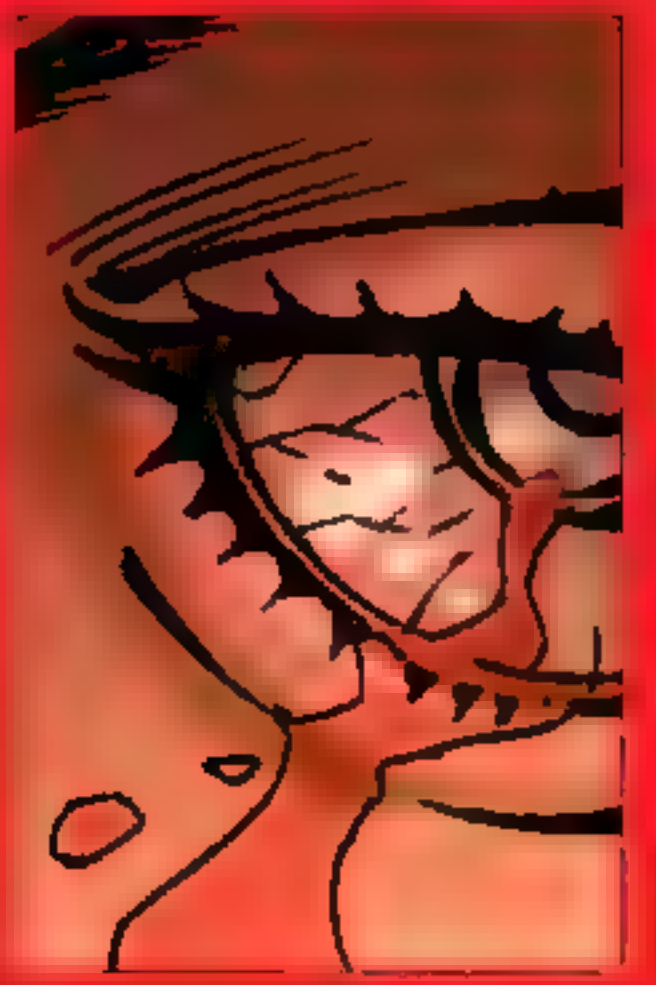
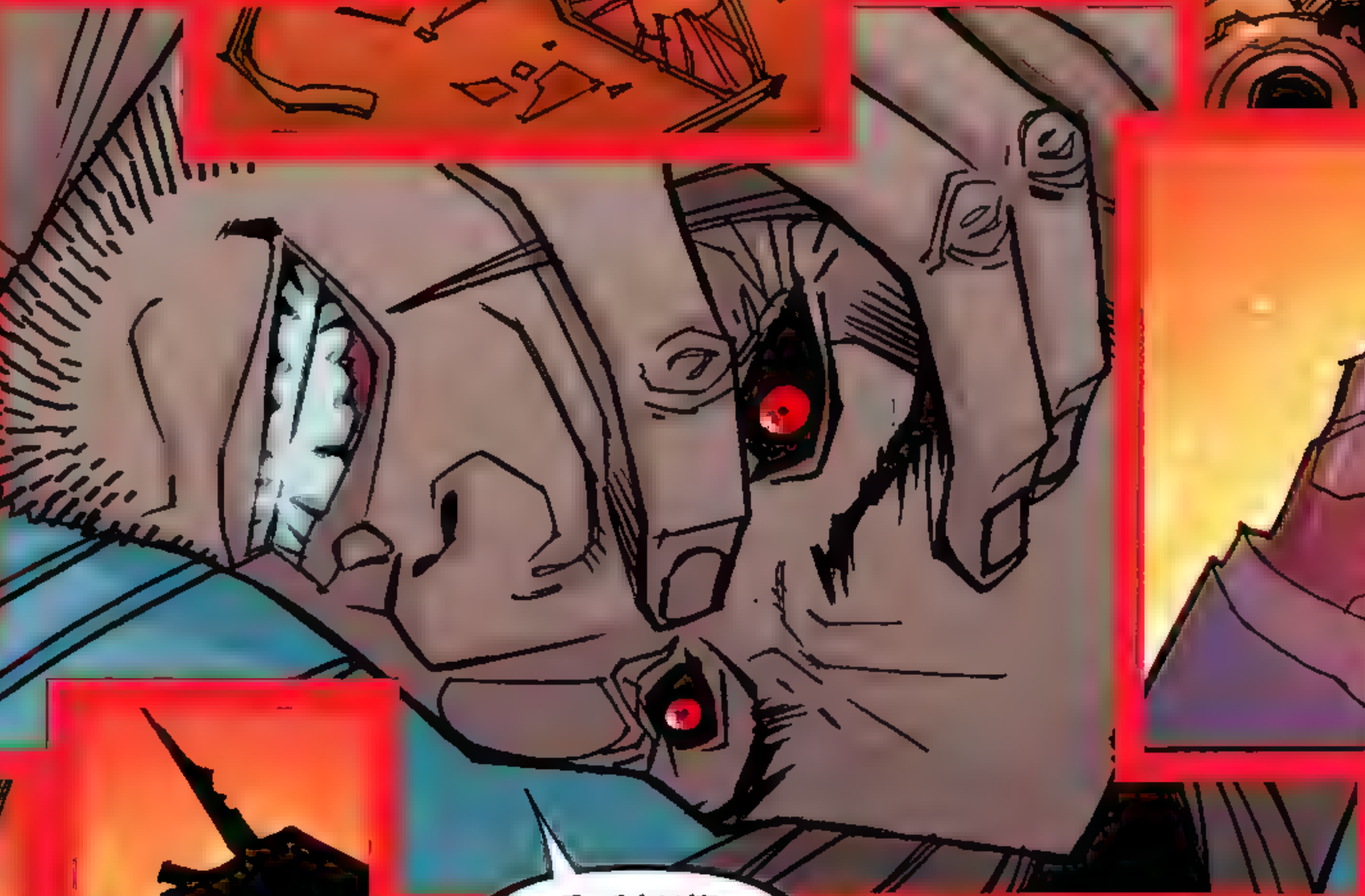
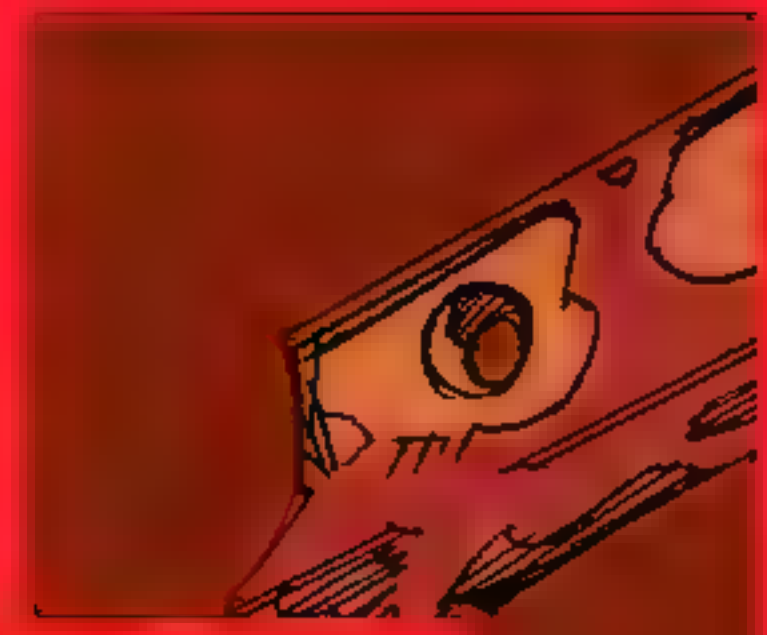
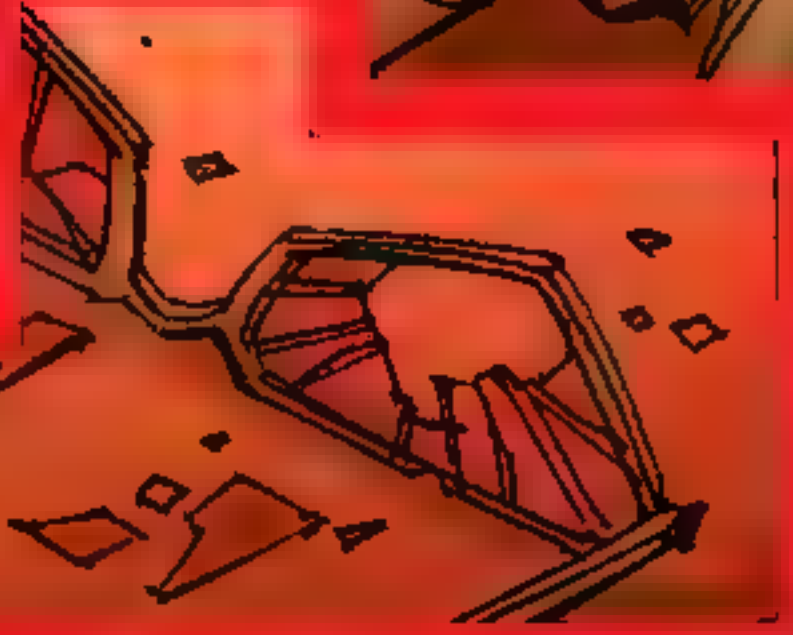
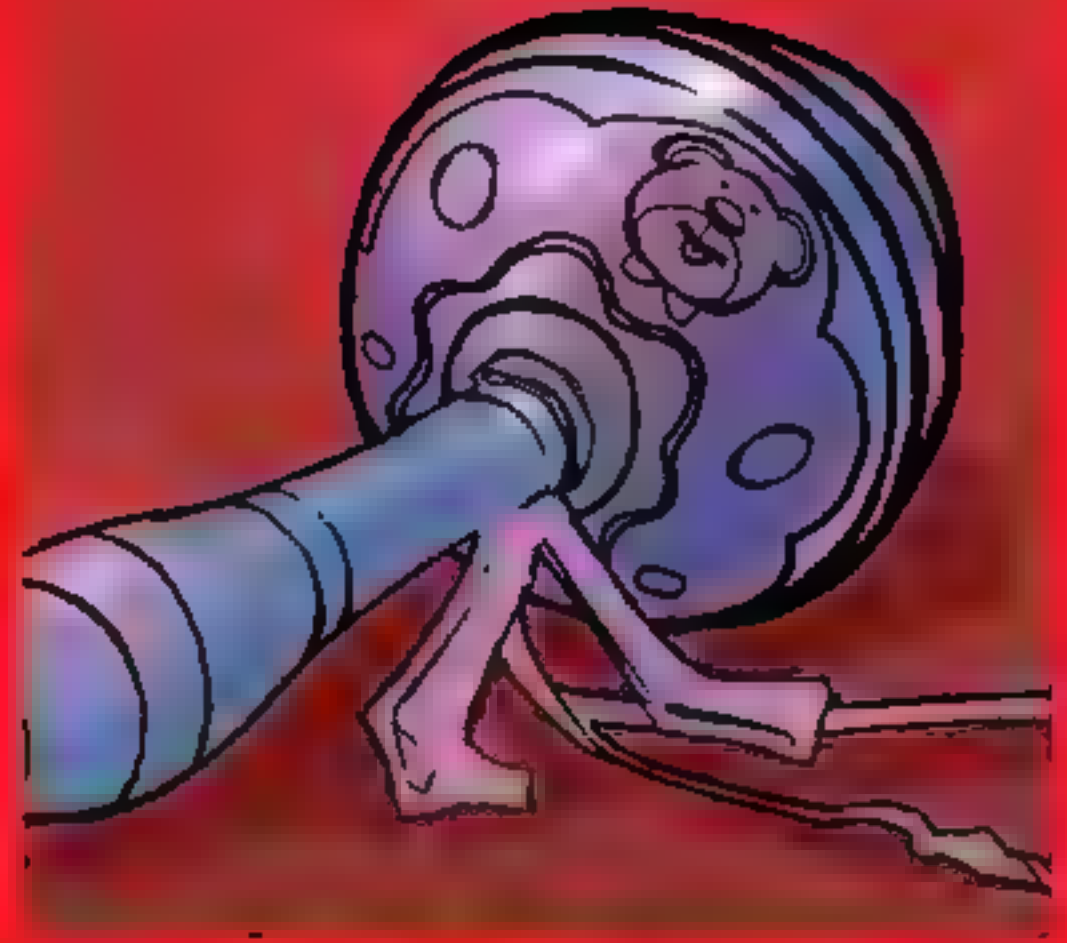
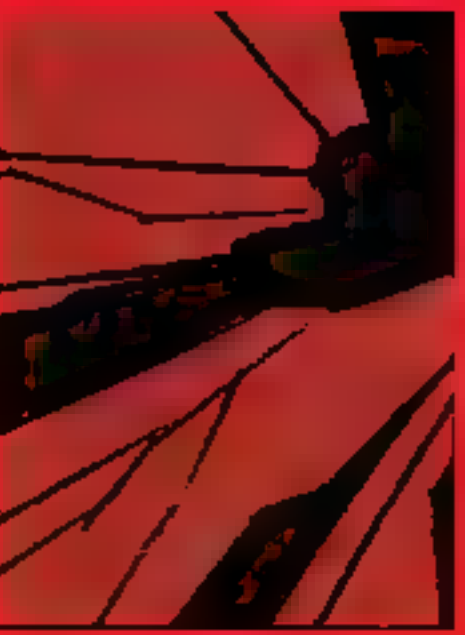




BOY.

I
KEEP SEEING
IT!

OVER
AND OVER! I
CAN'T--



I CAN'T
STOP SEEING
IT!



I--

SPLOOSH







ENOUGH,
BOY.

WHAT--
WHICH--

WHICH
BUCKET WAS
THAT?

A man with long brown hair and a light beard, wearing a blue t-shirt, is shown from the chest up. He has a shocked expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. He is standing in a room with grey walls and a wooden floor. To his left, a large window is shattered, with glass shards floating in the air. A speech bubble from an unseen person is above him. Another speech bubble is to his right, and a third one is below it. The scene is lit with a warm, yellowish light from above.

ALL
BUCKETS
ARE ESSENTIALLY
THE SAME
BUCKET.

NO! NO,
THEY'RE NOT,
DUDE!

H-HOW
LONG WAS I
OUT--?



TWENTY-EIGHT
SECONDS OF MUTTERED
GIBBERISH.

THEN YOU FELL
OVER AND STARTED
SCREAMING.

NOT GOOD
ENOUGH.

OH.



IT FELT LIKE
LONGER.

OKAY.
LOOK.

THERE'S
GOING TO BE A
DISASTER.





A--A--A
MONORAIL CRASHES.
IN OREGON, I THINK?
THE STARK
NEEDLE?

THE RAIL
BREAKS OR
SOMETHING, IT
WAS HARD TO
TELL--





AND...
IT'S FULL OF
TOURISTS. AND
THEY ALL
DIE.

THEY
WILL ALL
DIE.



















WE
ARE WALKING
MEAT.

MEAT WITH
DELUSIONS OF
SELF.

AND EVERY
SINGLE DAY,
SOME OF THE
MEAT STOPS
WORKING...



...AND THE
DELUSIONS GO
AWAY.

OH,
GOD.



THERE IS
ALWAYS DEATH.
THAT DEATH MATTERS
IS AN ILLUSION WE
CREATE FOR OURSELVES.
IT DOES NOT
MATTER.

MEAT
DOES NOT
MATTER.

OH, MY
GOD, YOU'RE
INSANE.





YOU HAVE
OVERLAID THAT
ILLUSION WITH AN
ADDITIONAL ILLUSION--
THAT THIS PARTICULAR MEAT
MATTERS BECAUSE YOU HAVE
WATCHED IT STOP
WORKING.

IT DOES NOT
MATTER.





YOU DO NOT
MATTER.

I DO NOT
MATTER.

THEY DO NOT
MATTER.









AAHHHNGGH--
GOD--

THE
NERVE PAIN IS
TEMPORARY.
THIS TIME.

DO NOT
ATTACK ME
AGAIN.





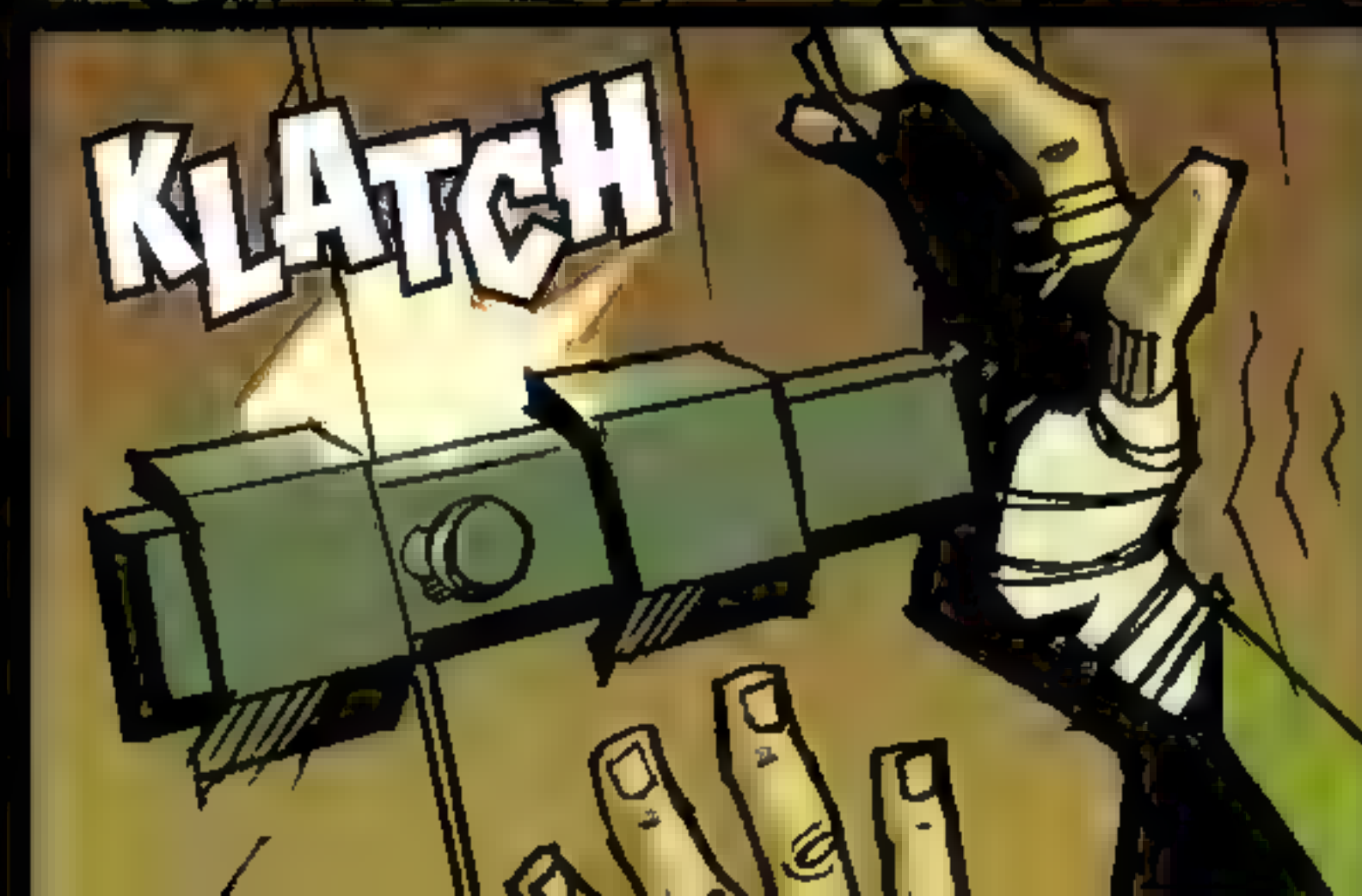
NOW.

I'M GOING
TO LOCK THE
DOOR FROM THE
OUTSIDE.

WHAT?
NO!







PLEASE!
KARNAK,
LISTEN TO
ME!

NO
MEANING.





KARNAK!

NO
MEANING.

KARNAAAAAK!



NO
MEANING.



TO BE CONTINUED...

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

